

## HAPPENINGS ON STAGE AND SCREEN

David Belasco Presents New Irish Comedy, "Dark Rosaleen"—"Oh Uncle!" Has Premiere at Poli's—Laurette Taylor Comes to the National in "Happiness."

**CAVALRY OFFICER ENDS LIFE.**  
SAN DIEGO, Cal., April 13.—Capt. E. T. Hickey, of the Eleventh United States Cavalry, ended his life at the Fort Rosecrans hospital, medical officers said, by cutting his throat. He had recently been brought here for treatment as the result of injuries received in an automobile accident. His home was at Esley, S. C. He was thirty years old.

**MAURA TO FORM NEW CABINET.**  
MADRID, April 13.—Antonio Maura, who several times has held the post of premier of Spain, has agreed to form another cabinet to succeed that of Count Romanones, which resigned yesterday.

15,000  
USEFUL  
PHRASES

By Grenville Kleiser.

This valuable new book helps you to acquire ease and polish of expression. It is a treasury of usable phrases presented under a plan that yields practical results in improving your English. Expressions are suggested that will help you on all occasions for instance:

When Dictating Letters: When Making Conversation at a Social Affairs: When Being Introduced to a Group of People: When Preparing and Delivering a Speech: When Engaging in a Discussion or Argument: When Writing Any Composition, etc.

It is indispensable for the worker in words. It imparts ease, power and grace of diction, and its practicality is undoubted.—Journal, Dayton.

\$1.50 net; by mail, \$1.75. Bookstores or by mail, by mail, \$1.75. Bookstores or by mail, by mail, \$1.75.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY,  
236 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City.

## Back to the Old Location

Where we have been established for many years and made thousands of friends by our

Painless Dentistry and Moderate Prices

All Work Guaranteed—FREE EXAMINATION.

Reference, Second National Bank

Set of Teeth.....\$5.00 up  
Gold Fillings.....75c up  
Silver Fillings.....50c up  
Gold Crowns, per tooth,  
\$3, \$4, \$5 Up

## DR. SMITH, DENTISTS, Inc.

S. W. Corner 7th and E Streets N. W.  
(Over Kresges) Entrance 434 7th St. N. W.

## For Colds, Catarrh or Influenza.



Do you feel weak and unequal to the work ahead of you? Do you still cough a little, or does your nose bother you? Are you pale? Is your blood thin and watery? Better put your body into shape. Build strong! Now's the time.

An old, reliable blood-maker and herbal tonic made from wild roots and barks, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This "nature remedy" comes in tablet or liquid form. It will build up your body, cure your cold, and protect you from disease germs which lurk everywhere. One of the active ingredients of this temperance alterative and tonic is wild cherry bark with stillingia, which is good for the lungs and for coughs; also Oregon grape root, blood root, stone root, Queen's root—all skillfully combined in the Medical Discovery. These roots have a direct action on the stomach, improving digestion and assimilation. These herbal extracts in the "Discovery" aid in blood-making, and are best for scrofula. By improving the blood they aid in throwing off an attack of influenza and act as oil on machinery.

Catarrh should be treated, first as a blood disease, with this alternative; then, in addition, the nose should be washed daily with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy which can be had at drug stores.

Fairburn, Ga.—"I just enjoy recommending Dr. Pierce's remedies to my friends. I have found them to be so beneficial, I feel I must have some of them in the house at all times. The 'Favorite Prescription' is so fine for the nerves I try to keep it on hand, also the 'Pellets' as they seem to benefit me more than anything of the kind I can get. The 'Golden Medical Discovery' has been used in our home with perfect success for a dry hacking cough; it cured the cough where all other remedies failed."—Mrs. S. S. Walker.

## Don't You Wait

for a better job to come to you.

Getting a better position is business—the same as selling goods—you must show or tell about what you have to dispose of.

## What You

have to sell is your experience and business ability. The place to sell it is to business men. The way to sell it is to put an advertisement in the

"SITUATIONS WANTED" Column of

The Washington Times

FREE TO DISCHARGED SOLDIERS

**BELASCO.**  
"Dark Rosaleen," a comedy of Irish life in three acts, by W. D. Hepenstall and Whitford Kane, presented by David Belasco.

**THE CAST.**  
Joe Donagh, the Southman, a General Shopkeeper and Publican

Walter Edwin  
Martin Donagh, his two sons  
Sandy McKillop, the Northman, a General Shopkeeper and Publican  
Doddson L. Mitchell  
Katie McKillop, Robert Cummings  
Betty McKillop, Rose Morison  
John Meldon, a lawyer, George Fitzgerald  
Tim Duffy  
Molly Sweetie  
Nancy Fair, the Little Black Mare

Nat McGivney, a Bookmaker  
Charles F. McCarthy  
James Welsh, a Policeman  
Mickey Dowdall, a Jockey  
Moya McKillop, Sandy McKillop's Daughter  
Katie McKillop, Beryl Mercer  
Jane Agnes Macatee, Rose Morison  
Betsy McKillop, Rose Morison  
Peggy Joyce  
Kate Curran  
Molly Sweetie  
Nancy Fair, the Little Black Mare

Rarely has Washington witnessed a more sympathetic play than "Dark Rosaleen," which had its metropolitan premiere at the Belasco Theater last night, with David Belasco present in person to direct it.

Delicate and charming comedy with a strain of melodrama and there is an absolutely genuine picture of the homely life of an Irish village are the chief characteristics of the piece.

It was presented by a company of



NANCY FAIR.

Who is seen as Susie Smith, a small town siren, in Edgar Smith's new musical comedy, "Oh, Uncle," which the Shuberts are presenting at Poli's Theater this week.

Like Marjory Rambeau, she is a graduate of Oliver Morosco's stock theater in Los Angeles. Her assumption of the leading part in "The Passing Show of 1918" last year quickly attracted attention even on the Great White Way, where critics occasionally get surprised. Though still a very young girl in appearance, "Miss Nancy Fair's" art is so clean cut—so definite in method, that she stands out even among veteran players," said one of the most captious metropolitan reviewers.

Miss Fair gives the credit for her sure technique to her training in vaudeville, in which branch—on the Orpheum circuit for three years—she did a "single" turn.

She was one of the successful leads in a road company playing "Twin Beds," under the management of Selwyns, and she created the leading feminine part in "That Day" and "His Majesty Bunker Bean."

before a single girl puts in an appearance.

But when they do—Oh, Uncle! They come in flocks. They are supposed to be the chorine members of a Broadway musical hit. And certainly they look it.

The plot of a musical comedy usually doesn't matter much. It is very apt to get lost about five minutes after the show starts, and remains lost until the final tableau just before the last curtain drops.

But that isn't the case with "Oh, Uncle," the new show—last night was its premiere—has a well defined plot which is never lost for an instant.

It is a perfectly good old plot. It deals with the trials and tribulations of Jack Rushton, who really loves the bright lights—and an actress—but who is supposed by his guardian uncle to be a model of propriety who finds his greatest excitement in attending Wednesday night prayer meetings.

Meanwhile the uncle, considered by Jack to be a model of sanctity, is himself really a gay, but very, very shy dog.

So Jack's theatrical friends put on a party with the uncle—and Jack catches "em at it—and there are mutual explanations all around—and everybody is happy in the agreement that the simple life is only for the dead ones.

Sam Ash, as Jack Rushton, gave the personal touch to the play, and has a tender voice that makes one think of John McCormack. Connie Edick, as Arabella Barber, a theatrical has-been, had the star comedy role, and never lost an opportunity. James McElern, as Joshua Blobs, the uncle, did some clever acting, and

Low Cooper, as Wash, Rushton's black-faced valet, and Bert Hanlon, as Charley Horley, pal of Rushton, not only acted in mighty clever fashion, but introduced a couple of specialties that just about tickled the folks down front to death. Paul Porter, as Luigi Fravola, a composer, did some character acting that was delightful.

Then there were three other roles, about which lots of nice things might be said. One was that of Margot Merivale, played by Maxine Brown, a pretty little blonde. Amanda Blobs, aunt of Rushton, and president of the Purity League, was portrayed by Elizabeth Moffett, who put on a jag scene as good as anything seen in these parts in many a moon.

Joan Maith, as Lola Shapleigh, a prima donna, doesn't do much singing—but oh, uncle, she knows how to be charming. And if she ever gets tired of the stage she probably won't have a bit of trouble signing up as an advertisement for some beauty shop.

And, finally, there was dainty little Nancy Fair, who took the part of Susie Smith, Rushton's country sweetheart. Miss Fair can dance, and she can sing, and she can imitate—and she looks adorable all the time. There was only one trouble with her. She didn't come on the stage soon enough.

**GARRICK.**  
"HAMLET," a tragedy by William Shakespeare.

**THE CAST.**  
Claudius, King of Denmark, Ernest Rowan

Polonius, Lord Chamberlain, Albert Bruning  
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, J. Harry Irvine  
Laertes, son to Polonius, Charles Wheeler  
First Grave Digger, Allen Thomas  
Second Grave Digger, Allen Thomas  
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, Mary Hall  
Ophelia, daughter of Polonius, Mabel Moore  
Ghost of Hamlet's Father, Frank McKillop  
A supporting cast.

Mr. W. Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, once gave some rules on acting; he thought he knew something about it. Said "Shakespeare": "Don't see the air too much with your hand; nor ear a passion to tatters, to very rags." But if he had been at the Shubert-

Garick yesterday afternoon and had seen Walter Hampden and his company in "Hamlet," he very possibly would have changed his mind.

"I wrote my stuff too confidently fast—not enough judicious reflection. I should have qualified those rules. I should have said: 'Don't see the air unless you know how to work a saw, nor tear a passion matters unless you know now to go on a tear.' For look at this bird, Walter Hampden. He certainly does make the sawdust fly, and when he gets through with a passion there're not enough rags left to make a decent substitution for the Cross-old clothes drive. Hampden's there!"

By which "Shake" would have meant—to put his jazzy slang into dignified and noble language—that Hampden's acting is very dramatic, very emotional, very spectacular, but without, never inartistic nor overdone. He fits his act with the words. He differs from Robert Mantell, who gave a performance of "Hamlet" at the Garick last week. Mantell's presentation is more like a beautiful and flawless recitation, with ever-appropriate gestures and with that soft, sweet, delicate voice that carries such charm—an artistry seldom sustained, and which is rare.

For instance, when the ghost walks in, Mantell, frightened, shrinks and cringes, but stands; Hampden falls on his knees and moans and wails. Later when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

Then, there's another thing. Mantell, when the ghost is about to be murdered, Mantell raves, but remains standing; Hampden swoons and then rolls about the stage in agony—all very impressive. And then a comparison of the two actors makes one believe that T. DeQuincey, the English "dope" fiend, was right when he remarked that murder was a fine art. Hampden kills people very artistically—he puts his whole soul into the work. Mantell seems less experienced. When Mantell stabs with a sword, he always carefully inserts the point between the person's arm and body, like an old lady threading a needle. Hampden stabs in the same way, but he is a better sleight-of-hand performer than Mantell, and the illusion is produced without causing any smickers in the audience.

**NATIONAL.**  
"Happiness," a comedy in three acts and an epilogue, by J. Hartley Manners. Produced under the personal direction of the author by Klaw & Erlanger and George C. Tyler.

**THE CAST.**  
Philip Chandon, Percy Ames  
Fermoy MacDonagh, M. Kerrigan  
John Scowcroft, Thomas Coffin Cooke  
Walter Edwin, John Davenport Berman  
A. Roy, Norman Post  
Mrs. Crystal-Pole, Beatrice Terry  
Miss Perkins, John Fontaine  
Miss Wreath, Alice Esden  
Miss Gilt, Isabel Mary Oakland  
An Assistant, Sybil Innes  
An Applicant, Opal Guard  
Jenny, Laurette Taylor

"Happiness," which opened at the National Theater last night, is a typical Laurette Taylor play. Which is all that one need say.

It is not in any sense a heavy play—in fact, there's just the merest gammer thread of plot to hold it all together. It is, quite frankly and quite delightfully, merely a drama garment for the little lady who won her way into Washington's heart when she was just an inconspicuous little stock actress some years ago.

Simplicity and directness, just as in "Peg of My Heart," "The Harp of Life" and "Out There," are the outstanding features of Miss Taylor demonstrating a quaint philosophy, such as only she can expound. In ways, the piece reminds one of "Rembrandt," seen at the National some weeks ago—but the sugar never turns to saccharine, as it did at times in Miss Nash's portrayal.

The story is of Jenny, a little shop girl, who makes so profound an impression on a world-weary young woman of fashion, that she invites her into her home.

Jenny comes and changes everybody's life for the better with her wholesome doctrines, which she acts rather than preaches.

In the end she finds her own happiness in the person of a young electrician.